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Hopeful's Dam.

BRED AND OWNED BY E. E. STICKNEY, EAST SHOREHAM, VT.

Hopeful was sired by Centennial; he by Fremont Jr.; he by Gen. Fremont. Dam, No. 104, by Fremont Jr.; g. d. by Rough and Ready. Hopeful was awarded the first prize as stock ram with ten of his get, also silver medal on flock, at the last Vermont State Fair.

Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Fine Wool Breeders of Washington County—The Country Around Saline—A Ride Across the Lodi Plains.

The past week we made a brief visit among the sheep breeders in the vicinity of Saline, and found them as lively and full of business as though they were the only fine sheep men in that famous sheep county. The ride from Ypsilanti, along the line of the Hillsdale & Southwestern Railroad, is through a rich and well-settled country, with broad fields, neat farm houses and good barns and out-buildings. This becomes more general as the town of Saline is reached, a well built place, with clean, well-kept streets, and some elegant private residences. The town is a very little town, with a substantial air about it that suggests a prosperous history. Surrounded as it is by an old settled and rich country, with an intelligent community of farmers, Saline offers many attractions as a place of residence.

At the depot we found Mr. A. Wood in waiting, and in a short time were landed in front of his residence. Here we met a Mr. Pett, of California, formerly of Vermont, who yet retains sufficient of the Green Mountain air in his system to make a fine wool sheep the handsomest animal in the world to him. He is well posted in the history of the breed, and from a few of the purchases we saw him making, is quite able to hold his own in any company. He was purchasing a carload of rams for his California ranch, which, if they turn out well, will open up a new market for our breeders.

Mr. James Hoyt, who lives near, was selecting from Mr. Wood's flock ten registered ewes to add to a former purchase of fifteen head, which will give him a good start in thoroughbreds. The ten rams selected were in lamb to Mr. Wood's stock ram. We also met a Mr. Rouse, and his son, who were looking over the flock.

Mr. A. A. Wood is quite a young man, but "Artie," as he is called among sheep men, is a veteran sheep breeder. In fact this branch of the Wood family seems to take to the business as naturally as ducks to water. The foundation of his breeding flock is Rich and Bissell blood, all his breeding ewes, some 60 odd, tracing direct to those flocks. Over a year ago he purchased of those parties 12 head of ewe lambs. They are now two years old, have done well in his hands, and are a fine party. His last purchase, from same parties, was 10 breeding ewes, mostly of Rich blood, and served by the stock rams Rip Van Winkle and Bunker. From these 10 he had eight lambs so far, not losing a single one. His lambs are all coming in good shape. For the 22 head of breeding ewes and ewe lambs Mr. Wood paid \$2,300 cash, and yet thinks he got a bargain. These ewes are large-sized, good strength, deep bodies, broad backs, and well covered with heavy fleeces of a fine quality of wool. Their heads are remarkably well covered, and the lot are so even in appearance that it is hard to distinguish one from the other.

At the head of his flock is the stock ram No. 48, known as the Sheldon Ram. He was sired by C. P. Crane's No. 2, and he by Eureka 3d. The dam of the Sheldon Ram was a ewe bred by Moses Sheldon from an Edgar Sanford ewe, sired by Dean's Little Winkle.

This ram has some fine stock to represent him in this State, among which is the remarkable yearling ram exhibited by Short & Hunter of Coldwater, at the late State Fair, where he took first premium. This ram, we understand, is to be exhibited and shown at the State shearing at Lansing this week.

Another stock is Rip Van Winkle No. 96, which Mr. Wood values very highly.

meal, which we need not say was waiting them.

Next morning the same party drove over to Ann Arbor, crossing Lodi Plains, one of the finest agricultural sections in the State. A farmer who owns a farm in this section ought to be satisfied. The wheat looked very fine, not a very heavy growth, but green and vigorous, and thick on the ground. Did not see a poor field. At Ann Arbor we took the cars for Detroit, while Messrs. Pett and Wood started for W. E. Boyden's farm at Delhi Mills to secure a few more of "them sheep," and from the tenor of a note received from Will we should judge he got them.

MERINOS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Last year, at the annual shearing held by the State and the Ontario and Livingston Associations, we were glad to see present your agent, Mr. Ryan, and we were pleased with the report he gave us in the columns of your most excellent journal.

And, by the way, I had the pleasure of spending a social evening with Mr. Ryan at the residence of J. C. Short, of Hemlock Lake, and while there I promised him to write an occasional letter to the FARMER, letting our Michigan friends know how we were getting on with our flocks. That I have thus far failed to keep my promise was not because the sheep interest among our breeders has been at a lower ebb than usual, for every breeder, whose flock I have visited during the winter, seemed to be thoroughly alive and full of enthusiasm, ready to talk "sheep, sheep, sheep" till the "sun went down" if you would talk with me.

I recently called upon John S. Beecher of Livonia Center, N. Y., to look over his flock of Merinos, and particularly to see and thoroughly examine two rams that have attracted much attention. You will see by the New York State Register that Mr. Beecher is one of the pioneer breeders of the State, having laid the foundation of his flock 30 years ago, by a purchase of some sheep from D. F. Button of Vermont. The Button sheep were pure descendants from flocks of Stephen Atwood and Consul Jarvis.

Mr. Beecher's flock at present consists of 50 breeding ewes, 20 yearling ewes, and 25 rams, yearlings and two-year-olds, besides the stock rams Ruby's Boy, Bunker and Silver Horns, all recorded in the N. Y. State Register.

The most prominent sheep in this flock is the ram Ruby's Boy. In fleece and constitution he is a remarkable sheep. At one year old this ram sheared 14 lbs. second fleece last year at State shearing, tipped the scales at 35 lbs. and five oz., both fleeces were worn in public. Some of the wise ones said he would never beat his second fleece, that the fleece was a freak of nature, and that he had exhausted himself in producing it. But as I examined him closely, I was satisfied that 35 lbs. lacked several rounds of the top of the ladder, and told Mr. Beecher that Ruby's Boy would give him over 40 lbs. this year.

During the winter he has steadily grown in every direction till his present weight is 200 lbs., perfect Hercules. With the development of his body his fleece has kept steady pace, and is of good length, very dense and completely saturated with oil.

Ruby's Boy is neither a plain or an extremely wrinkly sheep, but what we would call a medium, with a good face, well capped, straight bony legs, well set apart and well covered, and an under side that opens ripe. He is a mammoth sheep and will cut a mammoth fleece; two important requisites for a good Merino ram.

Ruby's boy was sired by the Bennett ram bred by Bennett Bros., (of whose flock I shall speak in a future letter), he by Charley 117, bred by E. Hammond.

Dam of Ruby's Boy was Ruby; Ruby

was by Chub, he by Dean's Little Wrinkly. Ruby is now nine years old, and strong and robust, and will soon give Mr. B. another heavy shearer. Her fleece at six years old weighed 23 lbs.; last four fleeces 82 lbs. But her last lamb Jumbo, one year old the 6th of this month, is the coming sheep for weight of carcass and fleece. If I mistake not, he will trouble the boys at the State shearing on the 25th and 26th. I venture the assertion that Jumbo will exceed the best record ever made by any yearling ram in this or any other State.

The first day of April, six days less than one year old, this ram weighed 170 lbs. A modest weight for a yearling. I dare not estimate his weight of fleece, but competent judges say not less than 30 lbs. Mr. Beecher has some other young rams

that will bear inspection.

I next looked over the yearling ewes, and for the number they were choice party, large and even in size with faces and legs well wooled.

Whose fleeces on the under side cracked open as ripe as any one might wish.

The breeding ewes were dropping their lambs, and strong, active fellows they were. Mr. B. said he had had good luck so far, and I thought from the strong, robust condition of his ewes, he had learned the true secret of success in saving lambs. (To begin in the early winter instead of spring). To have lambs come strong and right, breeding ewes should go into winter quarters in good heart and be kept in a steady, thriving condition till they are again returned to the green pasture.

Want of exercise, confinement in narrow quarters, rushing pell-mell and wedging into narrow door-ways, crowded against sharp rack corners, blanketing and over-feeding to be kept in show condition; this kind of treatment, and all the other artificial tinkering so commonly practiced by many of our best sheep men, is often the real cause of bad luck with the lamb crop. I venture the statement that any flockmaster who forces his ewes and stock rams up to that high condition of fit necessary to carry off the ribbons at an exhibition, will lose in the lamb crop many times the value of the laurals he has won.

I have also had the pleasure of looking over the Merinos of J. C. Short, of Hemlock Lake, N. Y., and had a long talk with him in regard to their history. If there be any advantage in a remote origin, this flock has got it. In 1824, the late Josiah Short, father of J. C., laid the foundation of the present flock by the purchase of ten ewes brought from Long Island, and said to be from the flocks of A. Cook and Burdell.

With the exception of the flock of V. Rich, of Vermont, that came from Long Island in 1823, Mr. Short's sheep are the oldest flock of pure bred Merinos in the United States. Mr. Short was born one year after his father established the flock, so they have been bred by father and son for 59 years.

From what I know of Mr. Short as a "care-taker" and skillful breeder, and from what I have heard of his father, the late Josiah Short, I am sure a flock of Merinos could not have fallen into better hands. Mr. S. is a great admirer of a good sheep, and I have been told that his father, forty years ago, was far in advance of his time as to what constituted a model Merino.

In that early day when most of the best flocks of the country were light in fleece, small in bone and carcass, and of a low grade, stock rams were eagerly sought for from this flock at strong prices.

Mr. Short's present flock consists of 85 breeding ewes, 23 yearling ewes, and the stock rams Golden, Bunker, Silver Horns and Crocket. The breeding ewes are large and even in size, and have a strong family resemblance, well covered on face and legs, most of them have two good heads with masculine, heavy-folded necks.

The ram Golden, sired by Crocket, is the most attractive figure in the sheep barn,

and he is attractive to any one who has an eye for a choice model. Mr. S. told me he intended to have him skinned, and I think if the artist can't secure a good picture from this sheep without drawing on his imagination, he had better lay his art aside. Golden is three years old and weighs 184 pounds, he has a broad, short, straight back, "quarters long and well filled up," ribs nicely arched, heavy shoulder wrinkle, heavy, pendulous dew-lap hanging from a short, strong neck, and as for a short, bull-dog head, and a bright, nicely curved horn, I never have seen his superior in Vermont or any other State.

This ram is not as rich in fleece as Bunker, but Mr. Short says he will cross Golden on his Bunker ewes, and thus secure the grand result of a rich fleece on a choice model.

The secretary has announced the next State shearing to be held at Avon, on the 25th and 26th of April. The Ontario and Livingston County shearing will be held at Honeoye, May 2d and 3d. Hoping to see present some of the staff of your excellent journal, I am, respectfully,

J. D. SULLIVAN.

LIVONIA CENTER, N. Y., April 9th, 1883.

SHEEP SHEARING.

At Romeo, Macomb County.

The third annual sheep shearing exhibition of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association will be held in the village of Romeo, on Thursday, May 3, 1883. Shearing commences at 8 A. M. Competition open to the world. There is always a fine exhibition of sheep at the shearing of this Society, and we hope to set it better this year than ever before. Macomb County has the sheep if her breeders will bring them out. Particulars may be learned by addressing the Secretary, Mr. C. J. Phillips, Romeo.

Ontario and Livingston, N. Y. Shearing.

The fifteenth annual show and shearing of the Ontario and Livingston Sheep-Breeders' Association, will be held at Honeoye, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2d and 3d, 1882.

CHAS. R. CASE, President.

CHAS. E. REED, Secretary.

Notes from Van Buren County.

REDWOODVILLE, Van Buren Co., April 9, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Seeing frequent extracts from your paper in other agricultural papers, reminds me that perhaps an item from "the great fruit growing centre of Michigan" may be of interest to your numerous readers. I drop you one:

We have had a long, tedious winter for lumbering. A large stock has been yarded and mills are very busy. This is the fruit county of the State, in all respects, climate, soil, water, markets, railroad and steam-boat facilities make it rank A No. 1.

The fruit buds are all right and prospects good for a big crop. The wheat does not look as favorable as we should like; the late freezing and thawing has injured the tops, the roots don't seem to be much injured. March was fair, but April has been cold and raw, and freezing nights have been bad for wheat and grass—no plowing yet.

Stock of grain on hand is large, prices ruling low. Farmers will hold a large supply until the future of the wheat and corn crops is assured.

Although last spring was late and backward, there was a heavy crop of corn, well matured and husked. Cribs are well filled yet and prices low.

Corn, 40c; oats, 35c; wheat, 95c; hay, \$10; butter, 18c; eggs, 15c.

We had two inches new snow on the 7th inst.—old snow all gone.

VAN BUREN.

Flint wants a sugar refinery, and the Globe thinks 5,000 acres of amber cane would be planted within a radius of ten miles from the city if had one.

and dirt, when they only want the three-quarters of a pound of wool that it contains. The day is not far distant when sheep will be shorn unwashed, and the wool secured before it leaves the State in which it was sheared. Wool-growers will then be able to sell their wool on its merits.

Stock Notes.

MR. JAMES MOORE, of Milford, Oakland County, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To Mr. Hackley, of Alamo, the bull Young Victor, out of Louisa, by Victor 4240.

To John Andrews, of Milford, bull calf by Duke of Lexington 23163, dam Gillic 2d—a Stapleton Lad.

MR. W. C. WIXOM, of Wixom, Oakland County, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To Frank Weidman, Owosso, Mich., bull calf Prince Airlie, by Prince Airlie of 1863, out of Princess Louisa 8th (Vol. 23, p. 18034 A. H. B.) by Poppy's Duke 2449.

To John Andrews, of Wixom, by Corporal 2d out of Lady Helen Mar 18, 1874, p. 13748 A. H. B., by Prince of Oakshade 20086.

MR. W. E. BOYDEN last week sold to Mr. Pett, a California sheep man, a yearling ram, Captain Gold Dust, for \$250. Mr. Pett also purchased six other ram lambs from his flock. We saw Gold Dust last fall, and he looked very promising. Mr. Pett is an old Vermont breeder, and is as sharp a buyer as we know. He is taking back a carload of yearling rams to California.

MR. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, has sold to W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, a yearling ram, Captain Gold Dust, for \$250. Mr. Pett also purchased six other ram lambs from his flock. We saw Gold Dust last fall, and he looked very promising. Mr. Pett is an old Vermont breeder, and is as sharp a buyer as we know. He is taking back a carload of yearling rams to California.

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MR. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, has sold to W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, a yearling

Horse Matters.

THE HORSE FARMERS SHOULD BREED.

The active inquiry that has existed for some years past for good teams of heavy draft horses, weighing from twenty-eight to thirty-four hundred lbs., and the high prices such teams bring in the markets of the country, show conclusively that the supply of such horses is very far below the demand. For some years our lumbermen and truck men have relied upon the Canadian provinces for a supply of this class of horses, but they find them nearly as scarce there as on this side of the line, with values rapidly advancing. For the past four or five years quite a number of half-bred Percheron and Clyde colts have been bred in this and adjoining States, and the eager way in which buyers have hunted them out and bought them at good round prices at an early age, gives promise of a good demand for all this class of stock that can be produced for some years. The farmer, therefore, who understands the breeding and management of horses, should turn his attention to the production of stock that would meet this demand. They cannot be bred from small, ill-formed mares, or by the use of small, showy, fine-boned stallions, of no particular breeding, who are only used because their services can be obtained at a low price. With good mares, weighing from eleven hundred to twelve hundred pounds, bred to a good Percheron or Clyde horse, the farmer may feel assured of getting a good profit on his investment. We have seen such colts sold as yearlings within the past two months, at from \$150 to \$225 each. Can the owner of a good mare breed her to any other description of a horse with the assurance of doing equally as well?

Quite a number of good heavy Clyde and Percheron stallions have been introduced into this State within a few years, and in every neighborhood in which they have been placed have done an immense amount of good. But there are not half enough yet. We want to see a sufficient number of them brought in to drive out the mass of mongrel horses that have traveled over the State for the past twenty years, and nearly ruined its draft stock. In every neighborhood where a good draft stallion is wanted, let the farmers club together and secure one. This system has been tried in four or five sections where the people had got sick of breeding to ill-formed, mongrel stallions, and having to use their produce for farm work, and in every case the result has been excellent. It would add immensely to the value of the horse stock of the State if there was a general effort made by the farmers in this direction.

United States Veterinary Association.

The semi-annual meeting of this association was held at Boston last month, and is reported to have been thoroughly successful in all respects. Over fifty members were in attendance.

Dr. Miller described a case of softening of the bones of a colt sixteen months old, said to have been caused by syphilis. Spinal meningitis in horses was then taken up. Dr. Verry believed it to be a miasmatic disease, due to the presence of germs; this was endorsed by several members; and doubted by others. The president described a frame sling for horses used in several stables in Boston. It is a strong frame about seven feet long and two and a half feet wide, with a wide piece of canvas to support the animal. He said the frame should always hang from a central point. When any sling is fastened overhead to four corners, it is liable to chafe and produce sores.

Tarsal Tenotomy was then reviewed. Dr. Bailey, of Portland, Me., and Dr. Penniman, of Worcester, had both practised it with success, and preferred it in most cases to firing and blistering. Prof. Lautard and Dr. Peabody, of Providence, had also performed the operation, but were opposed to it, especially in cases of inter-articular disease. The president could not see why in many cases the operation should not give some relief, his belief being that the projection in bone spavin came from the continued strain on the metatarsal flexor in limbs of a certain conformation. He said like firing and blistering this is a barbarous operation and 'trick.' It is treating one of the secondary effects instead of adjusting the limb and assisting nature. He also gave it as his opinion that the mysterious thing, heredity, is greatly exaggerated in accounting for diseases peculiar to horses' limbs,' the after-birth history being a more important factor, and far oftener the source from which diseases like bone spavin are derived. He believed that if a herd of spavined horses and mares were turned out and left to themselves in a country suitable for their comfortable existence that such a disease would in time disappear from their offspring. Prof. Lautard did not agree with this, as it was contrary to the views of European scientific men. Dr. Stickney also opposed the theory.

A case of atrophy of the muscles of the dorsal region on one side, three weeks after the animal was cast in his stall, was mentioned by the president. Abortion in cows, purpura hemorrhagica, scarletina and variola equina were also discussed. About a dozen new members were admitted and as many more applied for membership. The meeting was most successful and enjoyable.

HORSE BREEDING ENTERPRISE.—Recently there was incorporated under the laws of Illinois the Percheron Norman Horse Company of Denver, Colo., with a capital stock, all taken and fully paid, of \$500,000. The incorporators are men of great wealth, and widely known to the business world. The officers are M. W. Dunham, President; J. F. Studebaker, Vice President; J. M. Studebaker, Treasurer; and John A. Witter, Secretary and Manager, with his office at Denver, Colo. Although recently organized, the arrangements of the company have been rapidly pushed to completion, and it already has on its range of 400 square miles on the Box Elder and South Platte, fifty

miles east of Denver, 1,500 mares weighing from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and twenty imported Percheron Norman Stallions weighing from 1,600 to 1,900 pounds. The latter will be kept in the stables and corrals. The mares will be kept in close herd during the breeding season, but after they are in foal they are turned loose on the range till the breeding time of the next season.

Horse Notes.

The managers of the Chicago Driving Park offer \$60,000 in purses to be trotted for during their July meeting, which occurs from 14th to 21st inclusive.

BLACK CLOUD, the trotting stallion owned by the late Andrew Cutler, of Farma, Jackson County, will it is said, be offered for sale this spring. His desperate struggle with Jerome Eddy at Buffalo last season will be remembered by our readers.

It is stated that but two trotting stallions have ever sold for more money than was paid for Jerome Eddy, namely, Smuggler and Pledmont. For the former Col. Russell paid \$40,000, and for the latter Ex-Governor Stanford paid \$30,000. Eddy is to-day a far more valuable horse than either.

MESSRS. DEWEY & STEWART are again advertising their trotting stallions Louis Napoleon and Joe Gavin. The former has proved himself a sire of first-class trotters, and no doubt will be in great demand by breeders. The sire of such a horse as Jerome Eddy needs no words of praise from any one. His stock speaks for him.

Tell it Out.

Why not? Good news ought to be told, and it is good news that Hunt's Remedy has cured the worst of kidney diseases, and can do it again. There are abundant testimonials to this fact. Mr. Joshua Tuthill, of Saginaw, Mich., was cured of Bright's Disease; Mr. John Hunt, of Providence, of dropsy, when death seemed imminent; Mr. S. G. Mason of Providence, of rheumatism which crippled him; and a host of others of similar diseases which threatened dissolution. And what Hunt's Remedy has done, it will still do. Let Hunt's Remedy have it, and the world will be better off.

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able implement, combining the operations of the hand and the horse-hoes, and excellent for sculling weeds, in the case of carrots, beet, etc., in lines. It is mounted on two wheels, has light handles, plow fashion, blades that cut the weeds, and two mould boards to keep the soil from falling on the young plants. A laborer can readily scuffle at the walking, or rather pushing rate of two miles an hour. Messrs. Bruel and Brunat have patented a very useful forest plow, capable of stirring or scuffling three acres per day, and which is drawn by two horses. The laborer can be a lever, raise the implement in case it encounters an obstacle. The machine facilitates the sowing of glands, and assists the germination of others, an end but too often required.

A DISTRIBUTOR FOR VINEYARDS.

Vineyard proprietors will be glad to learn that M. Gastine has improved his sulphur of carbon distributor. It consists of a wheel-plow arrangement, drawn by one horse; the curved cultor penetrates to the required depth, six to eight inches; in this little furrow, flows in measured quantities or doses, the chemical antidote against the phylloxera; a roller behind the cultor closes up the little furrow. The cylinder can be graduated to deposit one-quarter, to one and one-quarter ounce of the antidote per yard.

A Threatening Danger.

H. W. S. Cleveland, in an article on Drainage in Illinois, in the *Prairie Farmer*, notes that fact that since 1876 enough tile to lay 41,000 miles of drain has been made and sold in that State and commands as follows:

The reflection will obviously follow, that an enormous quantity of water, which has heretofore been stored up in swamps and sloughs, which have served as natural reservoirs for retaining it until it evaporates or percolates slowly through the soil, is now delivered immediately through the artificial outlets which have been provided for it, into the streams and rivers which must finally receive all that flows from the land. Supposing the increase of the work of drainage in other States to be proportionate to that of Illinois, the appalling fact is presented that we have been providing such facilities for the outflow of the waters which invariably accompany the rains and thaws of spring, that the time of their being delivered in the rivers has been reduced from weeks to days.

A moment's reflection upon the vast extent of conduits thus provided, will suffice to prove that such must be the case, and will serve, also to explain the unprecedented floods with which we have been afflicted. It is idle and foolish to attempt to ignore the fact, which is as obvious as cause and effect can ever be. The means of facilitating the outflow of all the water that falls upon the earth have been within a few years enormously increased, and the floods in all the streams have been proportionately larger than were ever before known.

"Men who are unaccustomed to minute investigation are slow to appreciate the great effects produced by apparently small causes, and it may seem to many that the operations of drainage for agriculture are too insignificant in their details to affect perceptibly the flow of streams and rivers. A moment's thought, however, will convince the most skeptical that the thorough drainage of the wet lands even of a single township may produce sensible effects upon the streams by which its surplus waters are carried off.

"The evil has fallen upon us, as has been proved both by the floods and droughts of recent years, and yet the work of drainage for agricultural purposes has but begun, and the great work of road drainage, which must lie at the foundation of whatever system of improvement is adopted, is yet to be inaugurated.

"Here, then, is a problem for the consideration of engineers, and one that I am sure demands not less to be carefully selected, but which as a rule is overlooked. In Austria the State has breeding studs for each race of horse, suitable to the wants of a region.

CHARBON IN RUSSIA.

The charbon malady is at present very rife in Russia; the farmers call it the "Siberian plague." The occasion seems favorable for the application of M. Pasteur's process of vaccination, found to be an excellent preventive. In Russia the contagion is due to the turfy lands, the humid climate, and the short but fiery summers. The farmers rely on burning to cure the disease, plunging a red hot iron into the pustule; but the part is disfigured by the scar. Others prick the pustule, save on the tender parts of the body, with a sharp pointed nail and rub in spirits of turpentine, ammonia and olive oil; an addition of five drops of carbolic acid to a quart of water is added to the drink. In a week a cure is effected. The operators generally besmear their hands with tar to prevent catching the contagion from the pus. Often the malady is contracted from wearing the skin of a diseased animal, which is dried, not tanned, as a coat. Sheep are usually treated with caustic potash.

CHARBON IN RUSSIA.

The only solution that suggests itself as even possible is by imitating the work of nature and constructing artificial reservoirs or lakes in which the water may be retained and admitted as wanted into the rivers, so that their rise and fall can be mechanically regulated.

"Such a measure may be possible, but its achievement involves considerations too vast and elaborate for discussion here.

"It is obvious, however, that measures of protection must be sought at any cost, rather than submit periodically to such destruction as has lately been caused by floods, and if they are proved to be the result of drainage, it may yet become necessary to lay a tax on drained lands, for the maintenance of the safeguards they have rendered necessary."

Action of Commercial Fertilizers.

All fertilizers which contain potash, says the *N. Y. Times*, have a strong corrosive action and are exceedingly soluble. For these reasons most of them cannot safely be used in direct contact with the seed. Some of them are harmless in this respect, as superphosphate of lime, ground bone, and dried blood and flesh, and these may be sown with the seed by means of the usual fertilizer attachment; but all the others are to be used with caution.

The only safe method is to scatter them broadcast so that they may not come in contact with the seed, or even the young plants, especially those of which the seed leaves form a sort of cup or tube, as corn, for instance, does. The potash salts, guano, and the manures for special crops will all injure corn when sown over the young plants if any portion falls into the center of the slender scroll which is formed by the leaf, and by which the tender growing spire is enveloped. Even the common home-made mixture of poultry manure and ashes will 'burn' the young plant when thus applied. And when these fertilizers are used in a drill directly with the seeds the germs are often completely destroyed. To secure the best effects it is recommended that one-half of the quantity used should be applied immediately before the harrowing and cov-

ered into the soil, the other half being sown on the surface immediately after the seed is sown or the planting is finished. This is advisable because the soluble substances are soon mingled with the soil, and that part mixed with it by the harrow provides food for the germ and the young plant at its first stages of growth, while that applied on the surface is slowly washed into the soil and supplies the later requirements of the plant. In using them in hill-planting it is well to scatter the fertilizers around, but not on the seed before it is covered, so that they will be mixed with the soil and dissolved before the young roots reach them. Repeated applications of a portion of the fertilizers at different stages of growth have been found exceedingly useful, and this seems to supply the plant with fresh food and to give increased vigor of growth at critical periods. Thus, in a case in which more than 150 bushels of corn were grown to the acre, the fertilizer, consisting of 600 pounds of the special corn manure per acre, was applied, one-third at the harrowing, one-third at the planting, and the last third at the last time of cultivation. In another case a portion was applied at the period when the tassel first appeared, and with marked benefit to the crop.

For the floor of the poultry house, the best plan is to get it quite level and then slant it to the front, just to cause a slight fall in case of wishing to wash it out at any time. Then put on a coating of cement and sand; when quite dry fill in two inches of dry earth that has been sifted. As the droppings fall on this they are easily raked off and the ammonia is absorbed. It is a great point to have dry runs for all poultry, and the birds seen to appreciate the dry dust for ridding them selves of vermin. If young chicks are kept upon dry earth they will stand cold in the most singular manner, but they soon succumb if they get into the damp.

Agricultural Items.

JONATHAN TALCOTT, a well known farmer of Western New York, says the Beauty of Hebron is the best early potato he ever raised.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Iowa *Homestead* says box elder, commonly supposed to be almost worthless, is one of the most desirable woods for fence posts we have.

J. M. SMITH, president of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, urges upon the farmers the great value of the compost heap, declaring that through the use of such fertilizer the quickest returns and the largest profits are received.

THE GRANARY should be entirely cleaned out at least once a year, or it may breed weevil in the old grain. The wheat needed for flour for family use should be ground some warm day in spring and kept in barrels in a cool place during summer.

There is a grade of wheat in Oregon known as Goose wheat, so called because it originated from a few grains found in the crop of a wild goose. The wheat has a hard outer husk, and the bran is very coarse; it makes a peculiar grade of flour. Its exact duplicate is found in a small province of Spain, and the inference is that the wild goose must make pretty rapid time.

FINELY-flavored, aromatic, sweet butter can only be secured through the use of a percentage of new milk, now in the dairy at all seasons. Darlington, the famous Philadelphia butter-maker, milks his cows for butter only three or four months after calving, then diverts their milk to cheese or to the supply of the city milk trade. Butter made from the milk of farrow cows is inclined to crumble and taste cheesy.

HENRY STEWART gives the preference to artificial fertilizers for potato culture, saying that the potatoes are much smoother and thinner skinned than when grown with stable manure, on account of the absence of wire-worms, which cause the potatoes to be scabby and uneven on the surface. Wire-worms never trouble the tubers that are grown with fertilizers, but almost invariably injure those which have been manured in the usual way.

A FARMER who has tried the no roadside fence plan, declares his plow soul to have been greatly vexed because of the trouble and damage caused by any transfer of stock from parts of his own farm, or the passing drivers in the highway, and also that in crop rotation the want of a fence compelled him to omit pasturing fields when such forage would have been of great advantage to him. He thinks we cannot quite spare the fence yet.

THE INSPECTOR of flaxseed appointed by the Chicago Board of Trade, reports that out of 5,040,023 bushels received at Chicago in 1882, 320,425 bushels were impurities, which cost about \$60,000 for freight. The inspector says the home-grown flaxseed has been rendered so impure by years of careless sowing that, taking into consideration the fact that it has never been re-sown or improved since its introduction into America one hundred years ago, the plant has greatly degenerated; and adds that the only hope for the future is in the procurement of the best foreign seed to be had.

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ROBERT MILLIKEN, Almont, Mich.

THE DEER BINDER Outsell's Xcelsior The Friendliest, Best & Most Economical.

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Horticultural.

MICHIGAN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Attention, Teachers.

The Michigan State Horticultural Society has for some years been awakening sentiment looking toward the ornamentalization of the country school premises in this State, and to some purpose. For two years past, by the aid of the enterprising seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, a large number of school grounds have been embellished with annual flowers.

The society is not disposed to give up the work by any means, but proposes this year to offer an additional inducement in the way of premiums to the school districts that will make the best exhibits of flowers produced under the care of the children upon the school premises. The following is the exact wording of the offer as it will soon appear in the premium list:

"For the largest and best collection of cut flowers grown by pupils in school grounds of any school house in any district in this State; first premium, \$15; second premium, \$10; third premium, \$5; fourth premium, \$3."

The State fair where the flowers are to be exhibited will be held in Detroit in September next, and the State Horticultural Society will undertake to receive the flowers, display them and see that a proper viewing committee passes upon the relative merits of the various exhibits.

The governor, in his Arbor Day proclamation, has called special attention to the desirability of planting trees about our school houses on that day, and we hope that a great many children and their parents will not forget the recommendation. But after the trees are once planted they will need to be cared for. Now we cannot think of any method that will secure to the newly-planted trees and shrubs so good care as to spade up quite a large circle about them, put on a little well-rotted manure and sow some flower seeds there. The flowers as they come up will need weeding and hoeing, and this will be just the thing for the trees.

Now we take a liberty to ask the secretary of the county board of examiners, or any other persons who may chance to read this, to interest themselves in getting the children to compete for these prizes. Any directions that may be desired will be given by Secretary Chas. W. Garfield by addressing him at Grand Rapids; and we would like to have the State Society flooded with flowers from school children at their fair next fall.

We understand that D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, still hold open their offer of school collections of seeds, provided applications are made by teachers and school directors, who agree to the application to make a report of their success at the close of the year to the State Horticultural Society. Let this matter be taken hold of everywhere in the State, and show the people who visit within our boundaries the coming summer that Michigan school grounds are not the most barren spots in the State.

We do not wish to waste any sentiment upon this subject. There is but one side to the question. The ornamentation of school premises is a most desirable thing to do. The bringing about school children of a variety of trees, shrubs and plants, will awaken observation, lead them to become better acquainted with the things about them; and quicken their tastes in appreciation and employment of simple natural objects in the embellishment of not only their school grounds but their homes.

The school teachers in our rural schools we are satisfied will heartily co-operate in a scheme of this sort, and will quickly see that herein lies a pleasant field of instruction in which teachers and pupils can take the keenest enjoyment. We venture the opinion that in entering this new and praiseworthy field the State Horticultural Society will find willing assistants, and that this enterprise will prove a decided success.

CHAS. W. GARFIELD,
See Mich. Hort. Socy.

PEAR-TREE "BLIGHT."

As this subject is one of much importance to the fruit-growers of this State, many of whom have suffered severely from its ravages, the following paper, read by Chas. D. Zimmerman, of Buffalo, N. Y., at the last meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, will be found of much interest, as giving a clear statement of the latest results of scientific research into the causes, remedies and preventatives of this insidious disease:

This subject has probably been before you at every meeting since the organization of the society, and in looking over the proceedings we feel very much like a member who said at a meeting as long ago as 1855, "I have read a wheelbarrow load of books on the subject and have learned nothing;" and in a recent publication we find: "Now, Mr. Editor, I have a firm belief that nobody knows anything about this disease more than another, and it is a waste of time to listen to anybody's say about it." Hoping your society will pardon me for adding another "straw," I will be as brief as possible.

The progress made toward discovering the cause of "blight" has certainly appeared very slow to those who have been compelled to see their trees stricken down under the best (?) of care, nearly powerless to prevent the spread of the disease.

Nearly every writer on pear culture in the past, has advanced different theories as to the cause and treatment of the disease, variously termed "fire blight," "sap blight," "frozen sap blight," "insect blight," "summer blight," "winter blight," etc.

Insects were often accused of being at the bottom of all the trouble, and we are not quite ready to give them a verdict of acquittal. They are charged with aiding in spreading the poison, and for many it would be hard to prove an *alibi*.

Electricity was believed by some to be the cause, with plenty of argument to back it. The appearance of "blight" has certainly appeared very slow to those who have been compelled to see their trees stricken down under the best (?) of care, nearly powerless to prevent the spread of the disease.

A careful examination should be made after every warm rain, and warm nights with dew. Such examination should be made at least once a month during the summer. Any parts showing signs of the

after a thunder shower is a well known fact, which would appear as conclusive evidence.

The theory that the freezing of sap in a healthy branch will cause "blight" is still prevalent. Tender or unripe shoots often suffer or are killed by sudden freezing and thawing in the sun, causing, however, a different effect from the so-called blight. A blighted spot, the size of a hand, often found on the trunks of trees, would be difficult to explain by the "frozen sap" theory.

I do not believe that sap ever freezes in a healthy tree. Frost extracts moisture from the plant cells, and if the roots do not extend below frost, or where they can supply the deficiency, the bark shrivels, and the tree often dies.

It was left for the microscope with its modern improvements, and to the accuracy of investigations made with it, to reveal the true nature of the mysterious disease. In a letter to the *Gardeners' Monthly* (August, 1875), Dr. Hunt says:

"I have examined those pear branches, and find that the black color is caused by a fungus * * * I cannot name the fungus. Repeated observations only can determine that question. * * * I have made thin sections of stem, bark, fruit and leaves, and removed excess of black color until I could send daylight into every cell; and then under * 500 the parasite reveals its presence."

For the next five years little progress seems to have been made, except that the German and French naturalists, principally Cohn, Magnin, Pasteur, and Frische, continued to publish their experiments and discoveries. In 1880, Professor Burdill announced that "blight" in the pear, apple, and quince was caused by bacteria, the smallest living organism known. He found that they destroy the stored starch grains, causing the same to ferment, leaving the cell structure apparently unchanged.

With the poisoned sap he inoculated healthy trees, of which over sixty per cent. showed signs of "blight," clearly proving that bacteria is the cause and not the effect of the disease. No counter evidence has been brought against these experiments of two years ago.

About twenty years ago, Dirlaine stated that bacteria belonged to the vegetable instead of the animal kingdom, as was the belief up to that time, and only a few years since it has been proven that they attack and destroy living matter.

They increase by "fission," dividing in the middle, under favorable circumstances, once every hour, and sometimes even oftener. Once an hour would be at the rate of sixteen, and a half million in twenty-four hours. A few species are also perpetuated by spores, like fungi.

The most favorable temperature for their rapid development appears to be about 95 deg. Fahrenheit, together with plenty of moisture.

Prof. Burdill is of the opinion that this kind of bacteria (*Microcosmus amylovorans*, B.) is rarely found floating in the air, being extremely viscid, and usually mucilaginous, when moist. In this condition they would be readily carried about by insects. The most likely to aid in their dissemination would be the true bugs (Hemiptera), who obtain their food by the use of a sharp beak, with which they puncture the bark to suck the sap, and by coming in contact with the sticky, poisonous fluid, may carry it from one branch or tree to another.

The following is Burdill's description of the species:

"*Microcosmus amylovorans*, *Burrill*.—Cells oval, single, or united in pairs, rarely in fours, never in elongated chains; imbedded in an abundant mucilage, which is very soluble in water; movements oscillatory; length of a single cell, .00004 to .00006 in.; width, .00002 in.; length of a pair, .00008 in.; of four united, about .00012 in."

It is quite evident that the disease is one of the outer cellular bark, as the bacteria are unable to penetrate through the best cells, and can spread up or down only by working their way through the apparently solid cell walls. There being no such things as sap veins in plants, analogous to blood veins in animals, the spread of the disease from the point of attack must be comparatively slow.

Solit, situation, exposure, etc., have little or nothing to do with the disease. Some varieties are more subject to it than others, and this has been fully discussed by your society, as well as lists published of those most exempt.

Of the different modes of cultivation, the one that produces a moderate, healthy growth should be preferred to that of excessive growth. It is quite apparent that trees highly stimulated by manure, severe winter pruning, and clean cultivation are most subject to "blight." The orchards uniformly most exempt from "blight" that have come under my observation were those well cultivated in grass, i.e., the grass kept short by repeated cutting (never allowing the grass to ripen or go to seed), with occasional, at least biennial, top dressing of barn-yard manure, or other fertilizers. In short, treated like a lawn. The annual growth will be moderate, but healthy; quite different from those stimulated to excessive growth by clean cultivation and the stereotyped annual cutting back of two-thirds of last season's growth.

Pear trees need but very little trimming, except dwarfs, which the general farmer should seldom attempt to raise. Start the limbs very low and let the trees go to grass, after they have been cultivated, not later than Aug. 1, for three or four years. Plum trees need about the same soil and cultivation as pear trees, and not much trimming. To save the plums, remember what has often been written about jarring the trees to kill the curculio. It is a sure thing, and when economically done it only costs about six to ten cents per tree for the entire season. There is, probably, no better way than the jarring process. Cherry trees need but little trimming and cultivating, about the same as for plums.

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For the children.

Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, and safe to take either alone or in connection with other medicine. Mild in action and pleasant to take.

A NEW YORK celery grower says he has a fertile alluvial soil, four feet deep, on a bed of coarse gravel, which seems the perfection of celery ground. He has there grown celery, without manure, and in rows two feet apart, and been compelled to market every other row to get earth to bank the remaining rows. He

thinks a muck soil does not give the best flavor.

Under the above heading the *Germanian Telegraph* offers the following timely hints for the seeding season now rapidly approaching:

"It should be remembered that much of the success in the growing of seeds depends on keeping the seeds moist and near the air. If they are on the surface, they have air enough, but no moisture; if they are deep in the ground they have moisture but no air, hence the seed-sower must have a good practical knowledge of the seeds he is sowing in order to guard the depth of the seed, or how to operate so as to get all the needed conditions without sowing the seeds too deep. Many seeds have the power of sprouting very soon after they are sown. These, of course, may go on to a moist surface with little chance of the ground drying up before the seeds come up; but those which take several weeks to germinate require more knowledge and care. The best of all methods of guarding against the drying out of seeds sown near the surface is to prepare the soil first so that it shall be reduced to powder. To this end on the farm the roller is one of the most valuable implements. In many cases where land is coarsely tilled, large quantities of seed do not come up, because much is too deep and near the surface dries up, and because the coarse soil retains little moisture. Half the seed often sown might be saved if the ground were crushed by good rolling before sowing. Nearly every seed would then grow instead of half, as now, and grow more regularly.

"In the garden as on the farm much might be saved by attention to this simple fact. How many persons ever saw a roller in a vegetable garden? Not many. But whenever it is used a very great degree of success is sure to follow. In the fall, before the strawberry beds are completed, the ground should be first rolled, after being dug, and then the plants should be set out in the driest time, without being obliged to bury the crowns, which should always be avoided if possible. Well rolled and firmly set, the plants never dry up and seldom one fails to grow. In the spring, also, before sowing any seed, the roller should go over the prepared ground a few days after being sown and raked. In such case it will be found that the seed will so generally grow that it will not require one-half the quantity that the unrolled ground will. Try it and see, all who have not yet adopted this method.

"The same course should be taken in forwarding seeds grown in boxes and placed in the windows, instead of hotbeds. If the seeds in this case be sown shallow, the sunlight through the glass dries the surface too much, and seeds do not grow well. So in order to guard against this, take a piece of newspaper to fit the surface of the box and lay it loosely over the seeds. In this way the surface keeps moist for a week without watering, while in other cases it is necessary to sprinkle perhaps every day, and often the box gets so much water in this way as to make the bulk of water sour, so that after the seeds do sprout they rot off. In this way, too, great success will attend the growing of parsley."

Seed Sowing and Growing.

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER
OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime.

Persons who have been taking Cod-Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that the compound of

several professional gentlemen, in

combining the pure Oil and Lime in such a manner

as to be pleasant to the taste, and its effects

in Lung complaints are far superior to those

of many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the clear oil for a long

time. Whenever observed, the diseased parts must be carefully cut

away and the wound protected by a coat of paint. Everything depends in the excision of

all the affected tissue.

Egg-plants require a light, warm soil, and

being very delicate and tender, must not be set

out too early. They require a high temperature

at all times. Sow in hot-bed, and delay

transplanting out until such time in June as is necessary to avoid a temperature much

below 70 deg. Set two or three feet apart each

way according to the nature of the soil, more

rooting needed if the soil is very fertile.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* says that to

make a peach orchard profitable, the trees

should not be kept too long, for while some

trees may live well for nearly half a

century, the rule is that it is a short-lived tree,

and is not profitable to keep more than ten

years after being set, and frequently not as

long. As soon as the trees begin to fail

an other orchard should be set, but not on the

same land, new land where peach trees have

not been grown being much the best.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—
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P. B. BROMFIELD,

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 77,027 bu., while the shipments were 76,452 bu. The visible supply of this grain on April 7 was 22,349,653 bu. against 11,732,328 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 469,049 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 1,060,180 bu., against 1,034,210 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,090,852 bu. against 6,362,913 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 1,503,074 bu., against 1,550,243 last week, and 127,448 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882.

The market has been a quiet one the past week, with a bearish tone pervading the trade. Prices were slightly better at the close than at the beginning of the week in both spot and futures. But there is no animation, and speculative dealing is exceedingly limited. Stocks held here are very large for the season, and this tends to depress the market for spot wheat. Receipts, however, are falling off each week, and now that spring work has been commenced in most of the winter wheat States, we look for lighter receipts and stronger markets. To a large extent, however, this depends on how the crop has wintered, and the kind of weather we are favored with from this time forward. The week closed with a dull feeling among dealers, and prices making the lowest record of the day.

Yesterday the market exhibited an improved tone, and values on both spot and futures were advanced from Saturday's closing prices.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from April 2d to April 16th.

	May	June	July
Tuesday	1 04 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 05 1/2
Wednesday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Thursday	1 04 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 05 1/2
Friday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Saturday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Monday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2

In futures April wheat was entirely neglected the latter part of the week, the large stocks held here rendering dealers very cautious about investing in near futures. The following table will show the fluctuations from day to day in the various deals during the past week:

	May	June	July
Tuesday	1 04 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 05 1/2
Wednesday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Thursday	1 04 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 05 1/2
Friday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Saturday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2
Monday	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2	1 05 1/2

As the principal interest now centers in the growing crop, we give reports from some of the States that are interesting. Mr. J. B. Connor, late chief of the Agricultural Bureau of Indiana, has just issued a report of the situation in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois up to April 1st. In regard to Illinois and Indiana he says:

"For April 1, last, the per cent of the acreage was 102.1, and the condition 111. This year the per cent of acreage is 100 and the condition 75. Nearly all reports state that it is possible, under favorable weather, in the next two weeks, that the condition of the wheat crop may be greatly improved. Many counties report more or less destroyed by the Hessian fly last fall. All who refer to the matter say that in undrained clay soils the wheat plant has suffered most from the freezing, and that this cause chiefly has lowered the per cent of condition. The broadcast sowing, as a rule, is held below that of the drilled wheat, but it is the latter that only a small portion is sown broadcast.

"For Illinois the per cent of the acreage for April 1 at 99 and the per cent of condition at 75. Much damage is reported from the freezing in March. Damage by the fly last fall is reported from several counties also. The reports nearly all state that ten days would work a great change in the condition of the crop. In Indiana the condition is 86 per cent; last year it was 101.1. In Illinois the condition is reported as 98."

Kansas the wheat looks very well, but the acreage is 20 per cent below that of last season. A dispatch from Council Bluffs, dated Friday last, says:

"The season is very backward. Little wheat sowing has yet been done, and that put into the ground in the early warm days of March is making very little headway. Ice has formed on water out of doors several mornings this week. There is little prospect of early corn-planting yet, as the ground is decidedly too cold for it."

In regard to the outlook in Great Britain, the *Mark Lane Express* says in its last issue:

"The past winter has been most disastrous. * * * The general outlook is more gloomy than for years. * * * scarcely a week's interval of fair weather, and while the autumn sown wheat has been either washed out of the ground or irretrievably damaged, but little opportunity has been afforded for the ordinary oper-

ations of the late winter or early spring. In 11 years there has only been one winter with heavier rainfalls—1876-77."

The wonderful stories told by interested parties of the bright prospects in Southern Minnesota and Dakota are settled by the following dispatch. We have insisted that spring work could not have commenced there yet:

"In reply to inquiries regarding the crop outlook, seedling, etc., reports were received from 21 counties in southern Minnesota and several points in southern Dakota, all indicating that but little work has been done as yet this spring. Only a few points report any seedling. Ten days ago it was expected that by this time seed would be pretty generally or wholly completed, but the heavy snow and rain storm last Tuesday and Wednesday put the work back a week at least, and the work on the west end of the southern Minnesota and St. Paul road in Dakota and Minnesota for a distance of 200 miles the ground is a perfect mortar bed of mud."

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Saturday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	April 14. per cent.	April 17. per cent.
Flour, extra State.....	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	8s. 0 d.	8s. 0 d.
Do. White Michigan.....	8s. 0 d.	8s. 0 d.
Do. Spring No. 2.....	8s. 0 d.	8s. 0 d.
Do. Western, new.....	8s. 11 d.	8s. 11 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 42,943 bu., and the shipments were 90,644. The visible supply in the country on April 7 amounted to 18,223,009 bu., against 8,918,448 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 12,776,832 bu., against 4,342,443 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 469,049 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 1,060,180 bu., against 1,034,210 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,090,852 bu. against 6,362,913 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 1,503,074 bu., against 1,550,243 last week, and 127,448 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 42,943 bu., and the shipments were 90,644 bu. The visible supply of this grain on April 7 was 4,057,698 bu., against 1,529,799 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. The stocks in this city on Saturday last amounted to 20,763 bu., against 13,229 bu. at the same date last year. The previous week, and 3,949 bu. at the same date last year. There has been an upward turn in prices during the week, and No. 2 is selling at 54¢ per bu., and new mixed at 50¢. The quotations in the Toledo market were the same as our own. In Chicago the market has been irregular all the past week, and closed on Saturday with No. 2 quoted at 49¢, and high mixed at 52¢. These figures show an advance of 1@1¢ per bu. during the week. In futures No. 2 is quoted at 49¢ for April delivery, 52¢@53¢ for May, 55@55¢ for June, and 56@56¢ for July. The stronger market is the result of a decrease in receipts and a better demand for export. The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 5s. 6d., an advance of 1d. on old and 1d. on new mixed during the past week.

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or district? I don't think the pathmaster meant to injure me. W. W.

Answer.—This is probably a case of *damnum absque injuria*, a possible wrong for which there is no remedy. If the pathmaster, acting in good faith, so opened the road ditch or so graded the road that water overflowed on the wheatfield, there is no legal redress. Of course the pathmaster would have no right to turn the water on the field; but if in grading up the road so that injury was thereby occasioned, probably neither he nor the township could be made to pay. At least from the above statement I would not feel like advising our friend to do anything more than to take a hoe and try to let the water off, or dyke up the low place to prevent the water from coming in.

H. A. H.

A Sufferer from Rheumatism.

I limped about for years with a cane, and could not bend down without excruciating pain. Parker's Ginger Tonic effected an astonishing cure and keeps me well. It is infallible. M. Guillois, Binghamton, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**Peach Trees**

We offer a very large and complete stock of the best sorts, new and old. Trees in the best condition. Special prices for large lots. Address ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N.Y. Mt. Hope Nurseries.

1883—SPRING—1883.
Now is the time to prepare
for the coming season.
TREES
Bark, Fruits and Ornamental
Shrubs, Evergreens,
Bulbs, etc. Etc.
Besides many Desirable Novelties, we offer the largest
and most complete general stock of all kinds of trees and shrubs. Abridged Catalogue
mailed free. Address ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Rochester, N.Y.
Mt. Hope Nurseries.

PUBLIC SALE

A cow is shown in a field, possibly being sold at a public sale.

SHORTHORN CATTLE

will take place at my farm seven miles northwest from Port Huron, and one mile south from North Street Station on the P. H. & N. W. Ry., on

Tuesday, May 8th, 1883,
commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m. There will be offered for sale 20 head of pure-bred Shorthorn cattle, all of which are the result of your year's breeding.

TERMS OF SALE.—One year's time at 7 per cent interest on approved notes.

All inquiries by mail or otherwise promptly answered.

A. MCNAUGHTON,
Port Huron P. O., Mich.

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Poetry.

GALATEA.

A moment's grace, Pygmalion! Let me be
A breath's space longer on this hither hand
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad to meet.
Whether to be thy statue or thy bride—
An instant spare me! Terrible the choice
As no man knoweth, being as he is.
Nor any, saying her who hath been stone
And loved her sculptor. Shall I dare exchange
Veins of the quare for the throbbing pulse?
Inseminate calm for a sur-aching heart?
Repose still for a woman's lot?
Forget God's quiet for the love of man?
To fawn on his uncertain tenderness,
And to fess up the shore of his desire,
To sob and flow when'er it pheath him;
Remembered at his leisure, and forgot,
Wershipped and worried, clasped and dropped at
mood.

Or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will;
Now Paradise my portion, and now Hell;
And every single several nerve that beats
In soul or body, like some rare vase, thrust
In fire at first, and then in frost, until
The fine protesting fibres snap?

Oh, who,
Forsaking, ever chose a fate like this?
What woman out of all the breathing world,
Would be a woman, could her heart select;
Or love her lover, could her life prevent?
Then let me be that only, only one;
Thus let me make that sacrifice supreme
No other made, or can, or shall.
Behold, the future shall stand still to ask
What man was worth a price so isolate?
And rate thee at its value for all time.

For I am driven by an awful law.
Seest while I hesitate it maketh me,
And carves me like a chisel at my heart,
Till stronger than the world can stand;

"Tis greater than all mortal or delight,
"Tis mightier than marble or the flesh.
Obedient be the sculptor and the stone!"

"Whine am I, then at the cost of all
The pangs that women ever bore for man;
Whine I elect to be, denying them;

Taint, thine, I dare to be, in scorn of them;
And being thine forever, bless I them!"

Pygmalion! Take me thy pedestal,
And set me lower—lower, love!—that I
May be a woman and look up to thee;

And looking, longing, loving, give and take
The human kiss worth the cost that thou

By thine own nature shall inflict on me.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A CRADLE SONG.

Toss a brown baby up over the tree!
Up he goes! Up he goes! *Up where the wind whistles loud in its glee;
Up where the robin sings gayly to see;
Where the sweet apples grow,
Up he goes! Up he goes!

Dance with the thistle down; buzz with the bee!
Roll a brown baby down deep in the flowers!
Down he goes! Down he goes!

Down where the butterflies flash in the bower!
Where the soft pansy grows,
Down he goes! Down he goes!

Honey bee food is this baby of ours.

—*Our Little Ones.*

Miscellaneous.

MISS ROSE CHESTER.

Mrs. Dunning of Sunnyside, West-Kensington, always considered that she had been particularly fortunate in her lodgers. She had but two, and they had been with her ever since the decease of the lamented Dunning—a clerk in the Customs, who, returning home on a certain pay-day in November, with two bottles of wine in his outer coat and one in his inner man, walked into the Thames and was drowned—had compelled her to retire to the basement, and offer the upper portions of her house, at a moderate rent, to "gentlemen of quiet habits, seeking a comfortable home in a pleasant suburban neighborhood." On the very day that Mrs. Dunning's advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Samuel Greeley, chief cashier in a government savings-bank, engaged the sitting-room and the bed-room on the ground-floor; and Mr. William Wylie, chief sub editor of a local daily paper, engaged the sitting-room and the bed-room on the first floor.

The day, I think, was Saturday—indeed, it must have been; for Mr. Wylie, contrary to his habit on the other days of the week, was a home all the evening. At about nine P. M. the two gentlemen met in the passage, exchanged greetings, and entered into a discussion on politics, which, becoming animated, resulted firstly in a withdrawal to the apartment of Mr. Greeley, and lastly in a copious libation of hot rum-and-water. Thus was begun an acquaintance which merged into friendship and deepened into mutual affection; Sam Greeley and Will Wylie became sworn brothers. The cashier, at the time of this story, was about fifty-three years of age, and the sub-editor fifty-four; and on the subject of politics, flannel nightcaps for use in winter, religion, and the proper quantity of sugar for a bowl of punch, they had only such trifling differences of opinion as tended to preserve their intercourse from monotony. Mr. Greeley was away from home during the day, and Mr. Wylie during the night; so that the former was generally coming in at about the time when the latter was going out. Nevertheless they managed to see a good deal of each other. Mr. Greeley always visited Mr. Wylie in his bedchamber before he went out in the morning. Mr. Wylie always visited Mr. Greeley in his parlor before he went out in the evening. Saturday, however, was their favorite day. Saturday was a whole holiday with Mr. Wylie; and the two spent the hours of the evening together from seven until midnight. Very quiet old fellows they were; never heard in the house, except for about half an hour late on Saturday evenings, when Mr. Greeley brought out an aged flute, of which the lower keys were a little uncertain; and Mr. Wylie trolled an ancient love-song, in a tenor voice, of which the upper notes were a trifle dubious. For eight years no harsh word had passed between them; and amongst the neighbors on either side their friendship had become a by-word. Certainly Mrs. Dunning had reason to say that she was fortunate in her lodgers.

At the top of the house were two tiny bedrooms; Mrs. Dunning occupied one of them, the other had long been untenanted. One Monday morning Mr. Wylie knock-

ed at Mr. Greeley's door on his way out, and was admitted.

"News, Sam—news! and you'll never guess it!" exclaimed the sub-editor.

The chief cashier gave full rein to his imagination, and said.

"Mrs. Dunning going to take a second?"

"No."

"Your aunt Belinda dead, and left you the thousand pounds?"

"No."

"Blinkie been at the rum again?" Mr. Greeley's imagination was running dry.

Blinkie was Mrs. Dunning's cat, which when the spirits in the gentlemen's cupboards disappeared too rapidly, she was in the habit of accusing of bibulous propensities.

"No."

"Then I can't guess any more, Will."

"What do you say to a new lodger?" queried Mr. Wylie.

"A new lodger!—here, in this house?"

"Yes; and a lady."

"A lady, Will! Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Dunning has let the little back-bed-room to a single lady?"

"Yes; and a young lady."

"Dear me! this must be inquired into. We had better bring up Mrs. Dunning," said Mr. Greeley nervously.

"Why, Sam, old boy, we're not afraid of a young lady, are we?" asked Mr. Wylie.

"Eh?—no, not afraid; but you know, Will, we have always held the opinion that woman is—"

"So we have; Sam; especially when she's young."

"And you know, Will," went on Mr. Greeley, "that one of the conditions on which we took lodgings with Mrs. Dunning was that no other lodgers and in particular no ladies, were to be admitted. And don't you remember that affair at Hammersmith the other day, when a young woman took lodgings for one night in a small respectable family, and nearly strangled an elderly gentleman in his bed in the middle of the night? We are neither of us strong men, Will."

"That's true, Sam. I didn't look at it in that light. Perhaps you had better have an explanation from Mrs. Dunning. I'm late, and must go. Good-night. Don't get too low about it, old fellow, and bolt your bedroom door."

"I'm afraid it will c-come out, if you shake it in that way," he said, mildly; and Miss Chester desisted.

Mr. Wylie opened the door for her, flattening himself against the wall to avoid the puppy's grinders, and Miss Chester, with a profusion of smiles and thanks, slipped out.

"Quite like a beam of sunshine, quite fairylike, quite—I declare I feel several years younger," said Mr. Wylie ran his fingers through his scant gray stubble, pulled up his collar, and mounted the stairs two at a time. He took down from his book-shelf an old pocket-book, and scanned its pages attentively for a few moments. "Fifty-four last birthday and Sam is fifty-three. I fancy I look rather younger than Sam."

"Sam," said Mr. Wylie, when he met her in the evening, what do you think of our new lodger?"

"A very pleasing young lady, I think," answered Mr. Greeley.

"A fine girl, I think, Sam," said the sub-editor.

"No, Will, I don't think I'd say that. Pleading and—very interesting, if you like," replied Mr. Greeley.

"No, no; that's not half strong enough. You haven't seen her eyes, Sam. My eye, what eyes! And her mouth—O Sam, what a mouth!"

"Steady, Will, steady," said his friend, gravely. "Remember that maxim of ours."

"O, bother, Sam; I don't think the maxim will do at all in this case. Good-night, Sam. I don't think you need bolt your bedroom door, old fellow."

And Mr. Wylie buttoned his coat, and went out.

"Will is partially right," mused the cashier as he sat over his tea. "This is very much more than an 'interesting young woman.' But I don't like 'fine girl' at all. She has lovely eyes. I didn't quite like Will's manner. I must talk seriously with him. Will ought not to forget his years."

Within the next couple of days a change had come over the little household. Miss Chester, all unwittingly, was the cause of it. Her girl's voice echoed sweetly through the house all day; and Mr. Wylie on the first-floor heard it, and heard it not unmoved.

"What a delicious voice!" he said to himself a hundred times a day.

Then she would run up and down the stairs on little errands of her own, and out into the garden, where her presence made the sickly flowers and the dusty evergreens sicker and more dusty.

When Mr. Wylie took his solitary turn there, after she had gone, he found the garden dingy which he had thought so gay before. Then he would look down at himself and think,

"What a devil of a shabby old fellow I am! I must improve—I must brighten up a bit."

But he kept his feelings and his thoughts to himself.

Mr. Greeley heard the same bird-like voice in the evening, and would sit concealed in the window when Miss Chester ran out and down the street, following her dancing steps, and wishing the days back again when he had been as light of foot as she was then. His parlor seemed not so cheerful as it had been.

"But it needs another hand than mine to brighten it," he said. "I'm a rusty old chap," he thought at other times. "The rust has settled on me these many years. I wonder whether any of it would rub off now?"

But he kept all these things to himself.

Something had interposed itself between the two old friends—the chief cashier and the sub-editor—an indescribable shadowy something that made their intercourse not quite what it had been before. They had not quarreled; they met and talked, morning and evening, as usual; but the spontaneity had gone out of their greetings, and they spoke constrainedly about things that did not interest them. For all this Miss Chester was to blame.

She went out every evening about seven, and returned at half-past ten.

It was on the Thursday after the arrival of the new lodger that Mr. Wylie, having dined, took a walk in the direction of the shops. On his return, Mrs. Dunning greeted him with an expression of surprise:

"Law, Mr. Wylie, you look quite haltered; you've been and done something to yourself!"

window; "and quite pretty little manners. I don't know that Mrs. Dunning ought to have acted otherwise than she has done; she could scarcely have refused to take Miss Chester in. Old enough to be her father, eh? Let us think—fifty-three, and Will's fifty-four. Will's older than I am."

In this way did Mr. Greeley meditate, as he smoked his evening pipe.

Miss Chester's face was more than interesting, though; it was exceedingly pretty—an open, girlish face, with a fresh complexion; short, curly yellow hair; and a slender figure, which showed to advantage in a gauzy summer dress.

During the day while Mr. Greeley helped to administer the affairs of the government Savings Bank, Mr. Wylie was at home, taking his rest and ease.

He made his appearance at midday, having breakfasted in bed, and took a turn in the garden, to give himself an appetite for dinner. He was going up to his room as Miss Chester was coming down from hers, accompanied by a diminutive dog, which she held in a leash. The dog broke from the leash, and, oblivious of the dignity of the Press, made for the legs of Mr. Wylie.

Mr. Wylie had a constitutional fear of the canine race in general, and of its smaller members in particular, and so far lost his presence of mind as to give a feeble shout, at the same time retreating backwards down the stairs, to the infinite peril of his head and limbs. Miss Chester seized her puppy somewhere in the neighborhood of the tail, held it up by that appendage, and, with her fan, slapped it indiscriminately in all parts of its body, all the while uttering the daintiest apologies to Mr. Wylie, who stood confusedly on the mat.

"You bad, wicked dog, how dare you!" and Miss Chester shook her dog with such exceeding vigor that Mr. Wylie feared the tail would give way.

"I'm afraid it will c-come out, if you shake it in that way," he said, mildly; and Miss Chester desisted.

Mr. Wylie carried it to his nose, tasted its odor, and was seized with a violent of trembling.

With the quick tender, instinct of a woman, Miss Chester imagined a thorn or surreptitious bee, and ventured on a timid inquiry.

"No, Miss Chester," answered Mr. Wylie, "but there is another kind of thorn, and there are bees in the—"

"Bonnet?" suggested Miss Chester, with a sweet smile.

"'Ha! ha! very good; very good indeed, Miss Chester! In the bonnet, eh? Yes, some of us, I fear, are afflicted with a bee in the bonnet." And Mr. Wylie threw a significant glance in the direction of Mr. Greeley's apartments.

"Will you take a strawberry?" said Miss Chester, but was sorry the next moment, for the expression on Mr. Wylie's countenance was as though she had invited him to take a dose of arsenic.

"But won't you go and put your rose in water? or it will fade," she said, anxious to cover the mistake which she perceived that she had made.

"Good-night, Mr. Greeley; good-bye; I am going."

The lady in black turned around and said, sharply, "Hold your tongue, miss!"

"I shan't hold my tongue," replied Miss Chester. "Good-bye, Mr. Greeley," she said, again; "and thank you ever so much for your strawberries; I've eaten them all."

"It's the cruel stepmother," thought Mr. Greeley, and wild notions of treason crossed his mind. But Miss Chester passed on, following the lady in black. They ran away upstairs to her room.

An hour or so later, when Mrs. Dunning was occupied with Mr. Greeley's tea-table, she made a singular disclosure.

"Law, sir!" she said, "what do you suppose Miss Chester does for her living?"

"I cannot say, Mrs. Dunning," replied Mr. Greeley. "What does Miss Chester do?"

"Rides 'ossback in a circus, sir."

Mr. Greeley let fall his meerschaum pipe, which would infallibly have been broken, had not Mrs. Dunning caught it in her apron.

"Law, yes, sir!" continued the landlady.

"That's what she tells me. Not likin' to see her go out of an evening and come one never before 10:30, I says to her. Do you think it respectable, my dear, and me not used to such ways, no, an' never shall be." And then she up and says, quite quiet and modest, that she belongs to Butler's Circus, which, from a child hup, she's ridden the bare-back 'oss, bein' the station of life to which Providence 'as called her, likewise short skirts and sating shoes, and her 'air a-flowin' down her back."

"And this is really the truth, Mrs. Dunning?" said Mr. Greeley.

"'O sir! O sir! Mr. Greeley!" wailed the landlady, "she've been and played on us, a young hussy; been and deceived, sir, you and me and Mr. Wylie and all of us!"

"Played on us! deceived us! Who has done this? What do you mean, Mrs. Dunning?"

"That young woman, sir, that Miss Chester. Cruel stepmother, indeed! It's a 'ox, sir, a blessed 'ox, every bit of it. Why, that lady in black, that's her ma. Traced her 'ere and says, she's the young baggage 'as run away from 'ome, and her fan's crazy for her this week past. A little piece of himperence to stand up and tell me she's eighteen, and her ma says she's only fifteen, and the plague of her life."

"But the circus, Mrs. Dunning, and— and young Mr. Butler?" exclaimed Mr. Greeley, aghast.

"Sir," answered Mrs. Dunning solemnly, "there ain't no circus and there ain't no Mr. Butler. Bareback 'oss, indeed! Why, her ma says, to her belief, she've never been in no circus in her life. As for that young man—well, the less we say about that young man, to my thinkin', the better, sir."

"But why did she

SEASIDE AND DOWN.

She was as dainty as a peach,
And he met her on the beach,
By the sea.
They would sit upon the sand,
And he'd hold her little hand
On his knee.
They would talk soft and low,
Sickish music, don't you know,
Of their love?
While he gazed in her blue eyes,
And compare them with the skies
Up above.
After supper they would prance
Through the mazes of the dance
At the hop.
Till one day he asked her hand,
She replied in a voice quite bland,
"See my pop."
The old man gave consent,
And at last to town they went
By the train.
But soon rivals rocked about
The poor youth, getting knocked out,
Went insane.
Don't propose down by the sea,
If you'd ever married me,
My dear boy.
For there's something in salt air
Makes more flickle fair,
Thought less coy.

A Slight Mistake.

The N. Y. Sun tells a good story worth repeating. It runs as follows:

A few days ago a registered letter was received at Post Office Station A, addressed to an aged German living in the neighborhood, and was given to the letter-carrier for delivery, but was returned to the station because its owner was not at home, and there was no one on the premises authorized to sign the required receipt. After several other efforts to deliver it, it was sent to the General Post Office; and the German, on calling at the station and making inquiry about it, was informed of the facts, and furnished with a slip of paper on which was written a certificate that would enable him to obtain the letter on application at the General Post Office.

Armed with this document, he made his way to the Federal building and was soon wandering through its mazes seeking for the "Registered Letter Department." Observing on the gallery a line of citizens standing outside the closed door of an office, each provided with a slip of paper similar in appearance to the slip he held, he fell in at the foot of the line, which was rather a long one. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes the office door opened, a man emerged and departed, a voice called "Next!" The man at the head of the line entered, and the door closed behind him. In about an hour and half the patient German's turn arrived, and, entering the room, he found himself alone with a gentleman of professional aspect, who, giving a hasty glance at the slip of paper, said:

"That's all right—take off your coat."
"Dako off mine goat? You don't think I come for? To get shafted? I want—
"Oh, that's all right—take off your coat; I can't examine you unless you do."

"Den I vugt to be examined? So? Dot's all right, I s'pose," and off came the coat.

"Well, take off your waistcoat and shirt; do you think I can examine you with your clothes on?"

"Look here, mine friend, you don't I was a tie? You want to search me? Well, dot's all right. I peen an honest man, by gracious, and you don't wind no sthonen my clothes inside. I was never search before already—"

"I don't want to search you; I want to examine you. Don't you understand?"

"No, ton'd understand him at all—but dot's all right—dere's my shirt off, and if I cold catch, dot will your fault peen."

The professional looking gentleman placed his hand affectionately on the visitor's shoulder-blade and applied his ear to his chest, listening intently. Then he tapped him on the breast-bone and punched him on the small of the back, inquiring if it hurt.

"Hurt? No, dot don't hurt; but maybe if dose foolishness don't stop, somebody elus gits pretty soon hurt."

"Does that hurt?" was the next question, accompanied by a gentle thrust among the ribs.

"No, dot don't hurt, but py gracious, if—"

"Oh, be quiet, I'm in a hurry, and have got a dozen more to attend to. Now, can you read this card when I hold it out so?"

"No."

"Can you read it now?" bringing it a few inches nearer.

"No, but you choost bring me out my sibgagles by my goat bocket, and I read him."

"Oh, that won't do; your eyesight is defective, I'm sorry to say, and you are rejected. Put on your clothes again, please, quick."

"Dot's all right. So I vos rechected, eh? Well, dot vos nezessary, I subbose; but it's veryunny, chosost the same. Und now I've been rechected und examined, und all dose tings vot you do mit me, maybe you don't some objections got to gife me dot rechested letter?"

"What registered letter?"

"Dot rechested letter vot vos sboken about on dis bice of paper from Station A."

"The Dickens! Who sent you to me with that? I thought you had come to me to be examined. Didn't you apply for an appointment in a letter carrier?"

"As a letter carrier? No, I don't want to be a letter carrier. I had goot business got py mine own self; but, py gracious, I vot mine rechested letter from Ger many vot mine brudder sent me py Station A."

"Here," said the professional gentleman, opening the door and calling the messenger from the lobby, "show this gentleman to the registered letter department," and the bewildered foreigner was conducted to the proper window.

It happened to be the day for the examination, by the post-office medical officer, of candidates for appointment as letter carriers.

Longfellow was gifted with a rare insight into character, and always said the right word to the right person. On being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quick-witted old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the syllables of their names. "Worth" makes the man, and want of it the fellow," replied Longfellow, quoting Pope's famous line, and making one of the best repartees on record.

Buchu-Palpa."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

The Fate of an Ancient Weather Prophet.

The career of Wiggins calls to mind the punishment which Dean Swift and some of his friends inflicted upon a weather-predicating impostor in Queen Anne's time, known as Partridge, the almanac maker; but he soon left that for the more profitable and less laborious pursuits of quack, prophet and humbug generally. His pretensions imposed on credulous people and his almanacs were bought by thousands. To show what sorry quacks Wiggins and Vennor are, notwithstanding the lapse of two centuries, during which the art of humbugging has been developed immensely, they have not improved in the least on Partridge's system. He, just as they, foretold storms in March and December, showers in April, hot weather in August and frost in November, and made as loud boasts as if a hit was made.

Swift became disgusted at Partridge's pretensions, and determined to put him down. Walking around London one day, he noticed over a smith's shop the sign, "Isaac Bickerstaff." It struck his fancy, and he stored it in his memory for future use. In January, 1708, Partridge came out with his almanac as usual. A few weeks afterward London was astonished by the publication of a small sheet which purported to contain the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer. It made a profound sensation, and the sale was great. Instead of the vague and indefinite hints at futurity which Partridge's almanacs contained, it foretold foreign and domestic events with the greatest particularity, giving even the hour of the day when death of famous men, great victories and defeats should occur.

But one statement created the most talk; for at 11 o'clock on the 29th of March it was predicted that Partridge, the almanac maker, would die. Partridge himself stoutly denied its truth; but it was of no use. On the 30th of March another pamphlet came out giving a circumstantial account of his death, after a sincere repentence of his sins, and a confession of the worthlessness of his almanac. Everybody believed he was dead, and Partridge was never able to convince the public that he was still alive. It broke up his business, and in a few years he really did die. It is a pity that the Dean isn't still on earth to deal with Vennor and Wiggins. A good dose of ridicule is probably the most effectual weapon which can be used against them, and the Dean was a master of it.

Scottish Lake-Dwellings.

Scotland, it appears, can boast of its ancient lake-dwellers, though these seem to have lived at a later date than their brethren in Switzerland. In Wigtonshire, the lake-dwellings or crannoges, were especially numerous—the lakes being literally studded with these curious habitations. Of the tools, etc., found near these crannoges, stone objects are comparatively few, while those of bone, horn, and wood are numerous. Military remains are only feebly represented by a few iron daggers and spearheads, one or two doubtful arrow-points, and a quantity of so-called pebbles and sling-stones.

On the other hand, a very large percentage of the articles consist of querns, hamstones, polishers, flint-flakes, and scrapers, stone and clay spindle-whorls, pins, needles, and bodkins, knife-blades of red-deer horn, together with many other implements of the same material; bowls, lades and other vessels of wood, some of which were turned on the lathe; knives, axes, saws, hammers, chisels and gauges of iron; several crucibles, lumps of iron slag and other remains of metals, etc. From all these there can be no ambiguity as to the testimony they afford of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries by the lake-dwellers.

Of the food used by these ancient lake-dwellers an examination of the osseous remains taken from the lake-dwellings of Dowton, Lochlee, and Bostoun, shows that the Celtic Shorthorn (Bos longifrons), the so-called goat-horned sheep (Ovis aries, var. brachyura), and a domestic breed of pigs were largely consumed. The horse was only sparingly used. The number of bones and horns of the red-deer and roe buck showed that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds only the goose has been identified, but this is no criterion of the extent of their encroachment on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones have been collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare the occupiers of Lochspouts Crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shell-fish. In all the lake-dwellings the broken shells of hazel-nuts were in profuse abundance.

Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALL, who made himself very obnoxious to northern men during the late "unpleasantness" by writing very unkind and exceedingly wrong-headed criticisms of American public men to the English newspapers of which he was correspondent, has recently issued a volume entitled "America Revisited," in which he makes a very frank confession. He says: "When I first went to the United States, in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now. When I landed in America the country was involved in one of the most terrific interneing struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side—that is to say, I was an ardent sympathizer with the south in her struggles against the north. In so taking a side I was neither logical nor worldly-wise—in short, I approved myself what is commonly called a fool; but my partiality for 'Dixie's Land' was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling; and at 34 years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality."

Longfellow was gifted with a rare insight into character, and always said the right word to the right person. On being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quick-witted old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the syllables of their names. "Worth" makes the man, and want of it the fellow," replied Longworth, quoting Pope's famous line, and making one of the best repartees on record.

VARIETIES.

"WHAT's the matter, Invalid?" inquired Patience, alarmed, as she hurriedly awoke him.

"A bull had me in the corner of the fence," groaned he.

He was in great suffering, and she opened the medicine chest, got out materials for a mustard plaster, and a little spirit lamp to heat it with, and went to the end of the car to prepare it.

"Make it hot and strong," muttered he, with great restraint preventing himself from crying out with pain.

His wife, with the plaster all ready, soon came back softly so as not to awake anyone. The car was darkened, and all the sections looked alike, and, for a moment, she was confused; but a smothered snore, which sounded like a groan, near at hand assured her. She quickly drew aside the curtain and clapped the poultice "on the spot it would do the most good." The invalid just then poked his head out, a little further down the aisle, and, in smothered tones called:

"Quick, Patience, quick!"

She gave only one leap, like a shot fawn, into his section, drew the curtain, and nearly swooned away.

"Great Scott! what's the matter?" whispered he.

She managed somehow to gasp out what she had done, and, presto, the invalid was cured; for he shook up his whole interior organization so hard in the effort to restrain a guffaw, that he actually scared the pain away.

"That man, whoever he is, will be biting hot pretty soon," was his sole comment.

In about fifteen minutes the stillness of that car was broken by a volley of shrieks that raised the hair on the head of everyone.

"Blank! blank! blankety!!—Blank the blank! Hotspur! Jerusha! blank! blank! blank!!!"

The REASON WHY.—"Where's the old steward?" inquired a traveler, as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the speaker. "Why was he kicked out?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he got too big for his breeches and he bounced him," emphatically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occurred within the hearing of a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on the steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and after bestowing a casual glance around, said:

"I don't see the old steward. What has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No, sir."

"I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door. Looking around the inquirer saw the smiling face of a girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "why was the steward discharged?"

"O, I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "Come, tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly answered, "cause his pants were too short."

In the early days of railroading in Missouri, a six-footed stranger with a bad look in his eye one day entered a station on the line of the Blank and Dash road, pulled out ten shares of stock in the company, and inquired of the station master if there were any dividends on the stock.

"Never heard of any," was the reply.

" Didn't any body ever try to collect dividends?"

"If they did they didn't get anything."

"This stock ought to pay ten per cent," continued the stranger. "Here's a thousand dollars. Ten per cent a year would be one hundred dollars."

"I've held these shares three months, which would be twenty-five dollars. Pardner, I want my div."

"But I've nothing to do with it. You must go to St. Louis."

"Too far away! I'm going to collect here and save time. Pilgrim, count out my div!"

The above peroration was followed by the sight of a six-shooter, and an expression which meant business, and the agent didn't consume three minutes counting out the money, which the stranger took and walked out, with the remark that he never invested in stock paying less than ten per cent, and didn't believe in cumulative dividends. This was the only dividend paid by that road for thirteen years, and the agent, on a salary of \$40 a month, had to stand that.

"Diz you ever hear how all the drivers on a certain Pittsburg street railroad became conductors?" asked the driver of a Woodland Avenue car of a Cleveland Herald reporter, the other night.

"No, how was it?"

"Well, you see it was when the conductors used to collect the fares without being bothered with a bell-punch. The company got to suspecting the conductors, and all sorts of schemes were devised to 'get on' them. Ladies were sent over the line to count the nickels taken, and other ways were taken, but it didn't work. So one day we drivers were all asked to come to the company's office and were each given a handful of corn. Every time the conductor would take a nickel we would transfer a kernel of corn from our right-hand pocket to our left. Coming out of the office one of the drivers said:

"Boys, han't we been drivers 'bout long?"

"There was a wink all around, and in about an hour all that corn was in our left pocket. We reported back to the office, and the next day we were all conductors—see!"

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(Continued from first page).
cured, and what is the treatment? She has never had any treatment at all. She slipped on the ice some six or seven weeks ago, which my neighbor thinks is the cause of them. They are in the place on the leg described by Youatt as wind galls. Yours,

M. D.

Answer.—The trouble with your neighbor's mare is synovitis; a disease requiring much attention, skillful treatment and careful nursing to effect a cure. It may be the result of accident or of hereditary transmission. If the latter, the chances of a radical cure are unfavorable. Should you purchase the animal, we will advise you in regard to the treatment.

No Diagnosis.

BAY CITY, MICH., April 4, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a colt that does not seem to be just right, and I write to you for information through your valuable paper, which I have had for many years. The colt is four years old now, and in spring was kept a stud till last fall when he was castrated, up to that time he had been closely confined in a box stall. Since last fall he has been driven nearly every day, and when driven say ten miles he will be stiff and lame for a few days and then seems to get over it after he is left quiet for a few days. He has been shod, but that does not seem to make any difference with him. When he is taken with this soreness he seems to be in pain and wants to lie down most of the time, and groans as if he suffered from pain a good deal. Once when I hauled out he was taken with a something forward and lay in his shoulder, and he could hardly step on his lame leg, but in a day or two he seemed to get all over it. When in his stall he dislikes to step around with his hind legs, and sometimes will not allow one to rub his back.

W. H. M.

Answer.—Your communication received too late for our last issue. It is difficult, or simply impossible, to diagnose your case without the opportunity of a personal examination of the animal. Such symptoms are often due to some organic trouble, as of the heart, the liver, etc., or from rheumatism. We would suggest your interest best by advising you to summon a competent veterinary surgeon, and be governed by his advice.

HEAVY tragedian at a railway hotel.—"Pri the, landlord, dwells there within the premises of this hotel a machinist?"

Landlord.—"A machinist! Yes, sir."

Tragedian.—"Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder the from limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would die anon. And pray, do it quickly. You pens you need carry, for those, with dexterous management, we can swallow whole, away!"

Two young fellows stood in front of a bill board the other night intent upon the announcement of the Boston Ideal Company. Finally one remarked: "What is the 'Boston Ideal,' anyhow?" The latter looked at him contemptuously for a moment and replied in a deprecatory tone: "Don't you know what the Boston Ideal is? Why, you mimic, it's baked beans."

Almost Incredibly, Yet Absolutely True.

A \$95 24-Stop Organ for Only \$49.75.

The offer made in this issue of our Weekly by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, N. J., is characteristic of the enterprise of this well-known manufacturer. He offers to you, a reader of our paper, one of his renowned latest style \$95 organs for only \$49.75, and delivers it free, all freight charges prepaid by him, at your very door. This offer must be accepted or before April 23, as after that date the price will be \$65; therefore do not hesitate, but order at once. Every instrument guaranteed or money will be refunded with interest.

No manufacturer can show the amount of business transacted during the last four months than Mr. Beatty does. His shipments have been: December, 1,410 organs; January, 1,102 organs; February, 1,152 organs; March, 1,485 organs, besides some 543 pianofortes. His factory is taxed to its utmost capacity, running day and night. He has the largest and most complete factory in America; no one deserves success more than Mayor Beatty, for he understands and caters to every taste of the music-loving populace, and has won the reward in the world-renowned reputation which his incomparable instruments have attained.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, April 17, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 2,224 bbls; against 5,928 bbls the previous week; shipments, 2,061 bbls. The market is very quiet, the movement of stock, as shown by the receipts and shipments, being extremely light. No change in values has occurred during the week. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Wheat.—Yesterday, after a week of depression and dullness, an improved tone pervaded the market. Receipts were very light, but shipments are equally so. Values were stronger and a shade higher on both spot and futures. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.04 1/4; No. 2 white, \$1.03 3/4; No. 2 red, \$1.01; No. 3 do, \$1.05; No. 4 do, \$1.05; No. 5 do, \$1.05; rejected, 71 1/2 cts. In futures closing prices were as follows: May, \$1.03 1/2; June, \$1.07 1/2; July, \$1.08.

Corn.—Very little movement yesterday. No. 2 sold at 50 1/2 cts, and rejected at 49 1/2 cts.

Oats.—Market quiet but firm. No. 3 white, 49cts; No. 2 mixed, 48cts.

Barley.—Very quiet and unsettled; nominal terms are about \$1.25 to \$1.30; offerings are seldom of such quality as to be worth outside figures.

Flax.—Offerings are very light. Bran world command about \$15.50, coarse middlings at \$16, and fine at \$17.50; corn meal, \$26.50; 24¢ corn and oats the same.

Butter.—The market is still very dull, though really choice seems to be looking up a little under active inquiry. Yesterday 18c per lb. was paid for the best of the receipts, but most of the stock in the market is not selling above 12c per lb.

Cheese.—Market firm and steady, with best makes of full cream cheese at \$12.175, the latter figure for the choicest selections.

Eggs.—Market well supplied and quiet at 12c per doz.

Beeves.—Scarcely and very firm; quotations are 26c/30c per lb.

Beefs.—Market quiet, City picked \$2.10 per lb. 25c per lb.; unpeeled, \$2.05/1.50.

Apples.—Very quiet; stock are quoted at \$4 per bushel, with poorest stock quoted at \$2.50 per bushel.

Dried Fruit.—Apples, \$1.40/1.50 per lb.; peaches, 15c/16c; blackberries, 12c/13c; evaporated fruit, 13c/14c.

Hay.—Baled hay is quiet at \$2.50/3.00 on track; small invoice on dock about \$1 per ton more.

Clover Seed.—Receipts light, and prices yesterday were a shade higher, prime setting at \$5.00, and No. 2 at \$5.25.

Timothy Seed.—Market quiet. Quotations are \$1.00/1.15 per bushel, for good seed.

SEEDS

THORBURN & TITUS,
158 Chambers St., New York.
Seeds for Garden & Farm
CATALOGUES MAILED UPON APPLICATION.

LINN & EVANS,
GENERAL COMMISSION,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

G. W. LINN,
H. L. EVANS,
100 South Water Street,
apaceowly Chicago, Ill.

Hops.—No sales reported. Quotations are \$1 per lb. for choice.
Peas.—Wisconsin dried blue peas, \$1.40/1.50; split peas 3c 1/2 lb.
Potatoes.—Very quiet; demands are light and so are receipts. Quoted at 60c/65c per bushel.
Turnips.—Dull and weak. Fine white comb is quoted at 16c/18c; strained, 18c/16c.
Maple Sugar.—New is being offered at about 18c/19c; receipts are quite large, and the market is quiet.

Provisions.—Pork and lard active and firmer but with no advance in prices. Smoked meat firm and tending upward. Meats and dried beef steady at former quotations; tallow unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess...... \$ 8 @ \$18.75
Family do...... 19 25 @ 19 50
Clear do...... 20 50 @ 21 00
Lard & tallow, per lb...... 11 1/2 @ 12 00
Hams, per lb...... 13 @ 13 1/2
Shoulders, per lb...... 9 1/2 @ 10 00
Shoulders, per lb...... 12 75 @ 13 00
Tallow, per lb...... 13 @ 13 1/2
Dried beef, per lb...... 13 @ 13 1/2

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Mond.—23 loads; six at \$13; four at \$14; three at \$12 and \$9; two at \$10 and \$8; one at \$12 and \$10 and \$8.

Tuesday.—25 loads; ten at \$12; eight at \$12; four at \$11; three at \$10 and \$11; two at \$10; one at \$11; one at \$10 and \$11.

Wednesday.—28 loads; six at \$12; five at \$12; four at \$11; three at \$11 and \$10; two at \$11; one at \$11 and \$10.

Thursday.—28 loads; six at \$12; five at \$12; four at \$11; three at \$11 and \$10; two at \$11; one at \$11 and \$10.

Friday.—27 loads; seven at \$12; five at \$12; four at \$11 and \$10; two at \$11 and \$10; one at \$11 and \$10.

Saturday.—14 loads; seven at \$12; three at \$13; one at \$12 and \$10; two at \$11 and \$10.

Sunday.—14 loads; seven at \$12; three at \$13; one at \$12 and \$10; two at \$11 and \$10.

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Sunday.—14 loads; seven at \$12; three at \$13; one at \$12 and \$10; two